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A Book of Poems



By IDA PUTNAM TUBBS

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By Ida Putnam Lobb.

*“Every prophet is without honor in
his own Country;”*

*But I'll not use a non de plume,
So the public won't have to guess
If it was written by her or whom.*

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DEDICATORY POEM.



MY dear little book, I dedicate you
To all the purity my soul ever knew
From the infant stage to the present time:
I send you forth on a mission sublime.

Go forth, little book, you're as pure as snow,
And scatter glad tidings wherever you go;
Wherever you go, there are good and bad,
But when you stop make some soul glad.

And now little book, I bid you go
To lowliest hovels, dark with want and woe,
On the rich man's table find a place;
Receive my blessing and travel in peace.

May you go through forest and glade
And predominate most in the thickest shade,
And always disperse the gathering gloom,
Bring peace and happiness in every room.

I hope you'll travel many a mile
And live to make unborn generations smile.
And keep your name as pure as snow,
My dear little book wherever you go.

And now little book, we all covet you
The praises that are given, are all your due.
And may you bear good fruit to me
And bring an abundance like the axle tree.

Yes, go forth little book, it's not the writer's intent
That you should ever on mischief be bent,
That's why I call on the Lord above
To filter your soul with the purest love.

THE ILL FATED TITANIC.



ON the fourteenth of April, nineteen twelve,
When the world was fast asleep,
Marconi's operator sent this message
Across the raging deep.

"Have struck an iceburg, rush aid" he said
"For badly damaged we are"
Titanic is our name,
And we belong to the White Star.

Hurry! hurry! were the words
That came flashing through the air,
And Captain Smith was on the bridge
Giving orders everywhere.

They worked the pumps as hard as they could
To keep the ship afloat,
When through the megaphone
Came these words, "Man the life boats."

And the brave little operator sighed,
As he flashed out the terrible call
For he realized how they must die,
And there were not enough boats for all.

The rules of the sea must be obeyed,
So 'twas women and children first;
But of all sad things that I ever heard
Their cries were the very worst.

The rich and the poor stood side by side,
There were husband, lover and bride;
They were returning from their wedding tour,
To where their parents reside.

Colonel Astor kissed his beautiful bride,
As he pressed her to his side,
"I'll meet you in New York, dear,"
Then he crossed "The Great Divide."

The peasant Nadji stood by the rail,
As he bade his dear wife good bye;
Said he, "Perhaps we ne'er meet again
But Maria, maybe you tell de chile how I die."

Out of over two thousand in that boat
Not one thousand did survive,
But the millionaire and peasant widows,
Were saved and kept alive.

The Titanic was a beautiful boat,
But was only made for show,
She cost a lot of money,
But her speed was not so slow.

But the only ship that will not sink,
When she goes upon the rocks,
Is named True Religion
And she'll bring you safe to dock.

We must not overlook our heroes—
Captain Rostrom first of all,
Who changed the course of his ship
To respond to the S. O. S. call.

How different from the Californian,
When only nineteen miles away
And saw their distress signals,
Oh! what man could say them nay.

But did you ever stop and think,
That since the primeval fall
So many are on the brink,
And reject the Master's call.

When you are tossed about on life's billows,
And sight the rescue ship from afar,
Remember that it is Jehovah,
That was your guiding star.

Then steer straight for His protection
And you will have done your best,
And He will land you safely in harbor,
In that beautiful Haven of Rest.

Amongst the crowd on the topmost deck,
When she took her fatal plunge,
Was Archie Butt, the President's aid,
Who went down to a watery grave.

And he lifted his hat in a fond salute
As he bade Miss Young good bye,
And a beautiful smile was on his lips,
For he was not afraid to die.

Frank D. Millet, the noted artist,
Was the head of the Academy of Rome,
We will leave him with the Great Sculptor, God,
In the place called, "Home, Sweet Home."

And Chas. M. Hayes of the Grand Trunk road,
Through whom all orders were given,
At last answered old Neptune's call,
And went home to God in Heaven.

There were H. J. Allison, daughter and wife,
All met the same sad fate;
And placed in boats to save their lives
Were Nurse Andrews and boy babe.

And Isidore Strauss, the millionaire,
With his bride of long ago
Was faithful in death as she was in life,
Because she loved him so.

He folded her within his arms,
He clasped her to his heart
And humbly prayed to God above,
Then we shall never part.

Then pillowed on her bosom pure,
They drew their latest breath,
And their love was welded tighter
By the grim Archpriest Death.

God pity the ones in the steerage
But we will meet on life's other side,
For we will all be equal in heaven
Where love is the strong man's pride.

There were Roebling and Thayer, so we are told,
Worth their millions in the Goddess called gold,
God pity their loved ones who saw them die,
The whole world asks you with tear dimmed eyes.

With the salt sea frozen on his breast,
And the salt tear in his eye,
Ben Guggenheim was with the rest,
Of those who had to die.

Don't look for him amongst the living—
God has a better plan;
He's gone up yonder to abide
In a house not built with hands.

Jacques Futrell, noted writer of fiction,
Has made his peace with God;
He heard the Still Small Voice calling
"I love the pass under the rod."

And poor Jack Phillips stuck to his key
With water all around him up to his knees,
He has passed beyond to the great unknown,
Through the dark valley he went not alone.

And Wm. T. Stead we will meet again
In the "Final Review of Reviews;"
For we know that he will be there
To edit the Heavenly News.

And Henry B. Harris, the theatrical man,
Has taken the highest degree;
How vastly different than mortal plans
When he played in the "Third Degree."

And Mrs. Geo. Widener, I'm sorry to say,
Lost all her pearls in a different way,
She would lose them all, aye more if she could,
To have her George back, so noble and good.

But her loss is nothing compared with his gain,
No matter what, be it riches or fame,
Let us all tell it once, twice, yea tell it thrice
For he has found the "Pearl of Great Price."

And Lady Duff Gordon, the society belle,
Whom every one loved so well,
Was saved with her husband
And now comes back, the great disaster to tell.

And Mrs. Carter was also lucky
With her husband by her side;
But they'll ne'er forget their companions,
Or the night on which they died.

And Mr. Ismay was only doing
What the public demanded of him.
Now a reinforcement of Marine laws,
Would be less a crime and a sin.

But God will not hold him guilty
For obeying the world's demands,
And his heart is well nigh breaking
For he is every inch a man.

When we step across the gang plank,
Upon the other side of life,
I hope there'll be no dissensions
For there will be no strife.

As long as you like, hold the inquiry
But do not wield the rod;
For we must all stand together
At the judgment seat of God.

Beg pardon for what I've written
When you read these simple lines,
And remember, "Speed Madness"
Is only "The signs of the times."

If you have a clear passport to Heaven
You will not shake dice with Death.
You can meet St. Peter face to face,
When you draw your latest breath.

The Band boys played the sweetest music
And all praise to them be given;
But the angels played on Golden Harps
When they recorded their souls in Heaven.

Lord Pierrie, the designer,
Threw deck chairs to the crowd,
And we will bless him always
Though the ocean is his shroud.

We will meet him up in Heaven
And clasp him by the hand,
And the boys of the Titanic
Will greet him with the band.

Now there was once a contractor
Who figured on a job;
But the one who figured on these souls
Was the great architect God.

All praise to the Macky Bennett
And her noble gallant crew,
And God bless Vincent Astor
Who financed her journey through.

And now we are silently waiting
For that sable covered boat,
To meet the forms of our loved ones
Whom old Neptune kept afloat.

There are many more of prominence
And those who are worthy of renown
But Neptune (God of the Ocean)
In the vortex took them down.

Forever and forever we will hear
Their awful cries,
Until we near the "River Jordan"
And pass over the "Bridge of Sighs."

Oh! beautiful Madeline pale and fair,
By the sea no longer alone,
For his face lies at the Astor there,
With his features like chiseled stone,
And the sea weed was taken from his hair,
Those beautiful locks, like your own.

(Fable truer than fiction.)

Sell your story for four figures
And you'll be a richer man.
Pile up all the oceans mammon,
Get the gold were'er you can.

THE ASTOR BABY.



Y darling little millionaire,
What would poor papa give
To clasp his baby to his heart,
And with dear Mamma live?

You are my little namesake,
My treasure and my love,
And papa guards his baby,
From the mansion up above.

Although you never saw me,
You will feel my presence near,
And I'll be often with you,
So darling do not fear.

You are my bud of promise,
Just bursting into bloom,
Sent to gladden dear Mamma's heart
And dispell the gathering gloom.

You're only a little blossom,
Just like the golden rod;
May you be an upright man,
And consecrate your soul to God.

This life is like the ocean,
Across the land we love;
When you set sail upon it
May you anchor with God above.

MAMMA'S GOT A BABY.



MAMMA'S got a little baby,
Mamma's got a love,
God sent Mamma's little baby
From the skies above.

Lent it to my Mamma,
For just a little while,
Gave it eyes to see out of
And a mouth to smile.

Gave it a little dimple
Right upon its chin,
And two little rosebud lips,
To smuggle kisses in.

We will love it always,
As long as life shall last,
And give it back to Jesus,
When its days on earth are past.

NEVER.



EVER speak of your success

When you're living in a flat,

For the people on the other side

Will envy you all of that.

So never tell your business

Or show the new things you got,

For the other fellow wouldn't look

If you're living in a block.

They will make excuses

And say they haven't time to look—

Although for lack of knowledge

They could never write a book.

You'll be the topic of conversation

When they meet to discuss affairs;

But when you're weighed in the balance

May you not be found wanting there?

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.



THE rain beats upon the window
And a storm is raging wild,
And a mother clasps unto her heart
The form of an infant child.

She is starting for the church,
For this is baptismal day,
She has asked our Heavenly Father
To hold the storm at bay.

At last the service is over
And the little one lies at rest,
And not one trouble rolls
Across its peaceful breast.

It's sleeping in its basket,
Mamma's precious little dove,
But it has just awakened
To coo in Mamma's love.

MY GIFT.



WANT to tell the world
Of the gift that God has given;
And when I die, I want Him
To take my soul to Heaven.

He gave His life for us
So we've a great big debt to pay;
We can do it on the installment plan,
A little every day.

He made it so easy for us
For He knew what was best,
When He said, "Come unto me
And I will give you rest."

Then open your heart and receive Him,
Let His love and sunshine in;
When you are strongly tempted
He will wash away your sin.

FOR THE ARMY.



LET'S be a Soldier of the Cross—
Stand up and be mustered in—
Cut loose the bondage of your soul,
And free yourself from sin.

Then you may wear the crown
And eat with a golden spoon,
In that place of great renown
By the light of the silvery moon.

PROGRESSION.



WHEN the soul has left the body
And you've nothing left to fear,
You'll gather up the tread of life,
Just where you left it here.

So be careful in your weaving
And do not drop a stitch,
And do not drop the shuttle,
Then you will have struck it rich.

It may be quite a struggle
But you'll conquer in the end,
With Jehovah for your master,
And Jesus for your friend.

You'll thank the Heavenly Spirit
For what He's done for you,
And however dark the night,
He'll surely see you through.

BABY'S SPIRIT.



WILL love you always,
And sometime I will come
And build right up in front of you,
For I'm your baby one.

I will make you know me,
For I've done it oft before;
I'll climb upon your knee,
As I did in days of yore.

For you're my darling papa
And I'll climb upon your lap;
I'll put my arms around your neck,
And then we'll take our nap.

I'll tell you 'bout my Mamma,
I've seen her many times,
She understands it all now
Since she pulled down the blinds.

ONE OF THE ELEVEN.



WILL there be any kitties in Heaven?
Any little round fuzzy balls,
I want one out of every eleven,
To answer to my call.

Out of all the felines on earth
It seems a great big shame,
If out of the big eleven
Mine couldn't answer to his name.

He's caught many a little mouse
But he never caught a rat;
He never ate them up,
For he wasn't that kind of a cat.

My kittie's name is Noble,
And I know he'll stand the test,
And I'll not be lonesome in Heaven,
If he's numbered with the rest.

THE HUSBAND OF YOUR YOUTH.



IN the evening of your lifetime,
When your sun is sinking low,
And your husband is your only support,
And you ain't got long to go.

May you look up in his honest face,
And meet him with a smile,
And say unto each other—
“I’ve been true dear all the while.”

You will love each other better
With the seal of love made fast;
If you’re not each other’s debtor,
When you hear the trumpet blast.

He will be your Enoch Arden,
And come back to claim his own,
And never more be parted
When you sit around the throne.

NEVER MEDDLE.



EVER meddle with other folks' business,

It won't give yourself a boost;

Remember, the old woman's chickens

Are the ones that came home to roost.

So let your neighbor alone

If you would keep out of a muss;

And do not carry a stone,

It's apt to end in a fuss.

She'll start in to tell you some news,

But before she has left your house

Those who have escaped her are few,

She's as sly as a cat or a mouse.

She is always alluding to him,

Or maybe, perhaps, it is her;

But before she leaves you, I ween

They will both come in for a slur.

THE BIG INSURANCE MAN.



HAVE you ever met our agent?

He's the big insurance man,

He'll insure you against the storms of life,

And it's on the safest plan.

He'll insure you against fire,

So that you will never burn,

And build you a house to live in,

If you'll come to him in turn.

The house will be a mansion,

And the bricks of solid gold,

And He will be your Master,

'Tis Jesus Christ of old.

Your father and your mother,

Your husband and your wife,

And all the little children

Can live in it for life.

Then give Him your application,

It will not cost a cent.

And let Him send a policy,

That's better than paying rent.

DON'T TELL.



O not tell what I told you,
For it would never be right,
And the other fellow would think
You are not very bright.

But if you should impart it,
Just ask him not to tell—
For he cannot keep a secret
You know that very well.

Do not ask the tattler in,
But show him the way to get out;
You'll show him the hole the carpenter made,
If you know what you're about.

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.



HAT marriage is a lottery,
An ancient proverb said;
I'd rather give five hundred
Than with that girl be wed.

But after living together,
For more than a score of years,
I've come to the conclusion
To lay aside my fears.

I remember the day we were married,
And she stood by my manly side,
And I love her more today
Than when she became my bride.

We've each been sorely tempted,
And we've each been sorely tried;
But life would have been a vacant lot
Had one or the other died.

THE MOTHER OF A DRUNKARD.



KNOW my boy is a drunkard,
And I know my boy is wild,
But did you ever know a mother
To go back on her wayward child?

He may be the very worst drunkard,
But the mother love is the same
As it was so many years ago
When the little cherub came.

Now the love that he brought with him,
Do you think could ever grow less?
His mother loves him just the same
As when she clasped him to her breast.

She has sent more prayers to Heaven
Than any one ever knows,
To save him from a drunkard's grave
And going down below.

And God will answer her prayers—
For we know that he is good;
Oh! who could resist that mother's prayers,
He wouldn't if he could.

You will conquer in the long run
So do not have any fears,
Your boy will live to curse the rum
That brought his mother to tears.

God has made us a promise,
So please don't ever give up;
You know that in that Book it says,
"Let from me pass this cup."

Then sign the pledge for mother,
It's up to you my boy,
For now your mother's growing old,
'Twould fill her heart with joy.

RIGHT MEANS RIGHT.



T'S the hardest thing I know
To conquer a little child,
You must give him seeds of love to sow
If you would make him sweet and mild.

It's like the big Napoleon
At the battle of Waterloo,
The child will never know defeat,
Until he's conquered through and through.

Teach it to tell the truth—
It will keep it from growing wild;
"How sharper than a serpent's tooth
'Tis to have a thankless child."

The whole world will love him,
When you've taught him to do right,
And he'll thank our heavenly Father—
For right means right.

LITTLE TOLDIE.



LITTLE Toldie was our baby,
But her mamma made her mind,
For she loved our little Toldie
And was always good and kind.

Little Toldie was good and cheerful
All the livelong day.
But little Toldie, like other babies,
Was sure to want her way.

Little Toldie lived with Grandma
Once for quite awhile,
Until her mamma came and took her,
Then little Toldie did not smile.

"I'll dest go home to papa's house"
Was what little Toldie said,
"For I don't love my mamma
And I wish that I were dead."

Now you may go to papa's house—

On your head I'll put your hood—

And you stay to papa's house

Until you can be good.

Mamma put Toldie out the door

But stood with listening ear,

Because the night was dreadful dark,

And our Toldie was full of fear.

"I'm all alone and I'm so cold"

Was what she heard the baby say.

Since that night she's minded mamma

And never tried to have her way.

Little Toldie's a grown up lady

And married so they say,

And got a little Toldie baby

That is apt to want its way.

Some day she will go to God's house,
Way up in the sky,
And leave her little Toldie baby
On this cold earth to cry.

Then when she has reached her zenith
Up there in the Saviour's fold,
She'll never more have cause to say,
"I'm all alone, and I'm so cold."

When the goodbye's are obliterated,
And we hear the angels sing,
We will meet our little Toldie,
In the shelter of His wing.

MEDITATIONS.



HE asked her of what she was thinking
With her head bowed down and mild,
"Oh! I was dest meditating"
Were the words of this wondrous child.

And now she's grown up a lady
And she is wondrous fair;
But her thoughts drift back to childhood
And she sits and meditates there.

Oh! the sweet meditations of childhood,
When their thoughts are almost divine,
And now that I am grown older,
I wish that their thoughts were mine.

That I might be pure as the lily,
So that of me it might be said—
"A little child shall lead us"
And with His lambs be fed.

A POEM WITHOUT A SUBJECT.



I'VE been asked to write a poem
And I know not which way to turn;
For I was left without a subject,
So please my efforts do not spurn.

I have so little knowledge,
But I'll try to do my best;
But a poem without a subject
Will put me to the test.

As I started without a subject,
I hardly know where to begin,
I'll end without a subject,
And it won't be any sin.

C. V. T. RICHESON, OR THE DOOMED PASTOR.

(Composed and written by Ida Putnam Tubbs on the death of Rev. C. V. T. Richeson, who was electrocuted at Charleston, Mass., May 21, 1912, for the murder of Avis Linnell so that he might be free to marry the millionaire daughter, Violet Edmands. The last verse showing how truly penitent he was.)



VENGEANCE is mine" saith the Lord

"And I will repay,"

Do not send him into darkness

At the breaking of the day.

If you do, you will regret it

Many, many times,

For as often did he repent it,

But could not undo the crime.

Better shut him up forever

In a prison out of sight,

Just remember the old adage

"Two wrongs never made a right."

When his soul has left his body

And his spirit taken flight,

You will see it coming back to you

In the middle of the night.

I'll come back and help my brothers
So that blood won't be their price,
May it be a warning to others
For a poor girl's sacrifice.

When I meet my Avis' spirit
And stand with it face to face,
Then I'll ask to be forgiven
And come back and rest in peace.

Until then, Thou, O great Jehovah,
Don't forsake my poor lost soul;
I, a minister of your gospel,
Of my manhood lost control.

I would rather do your penance,
And you be my guiding star,
Than to be a man of millions,
With my soul below its par.

TO A FATHER.



WHEN your boy comes back in penance,
With his head bowed down and mild,
Did you ever know a mother
To forsake her wayward child?

Then take him back to old Virginia,
Bury him on the family lot,
And the world will like you better
When your boy is long forgot.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.



ONE day he sat in the corner,
And strummed on an old guitar,
And the sounds floated o'er the city,
Until it reached the Gates ajar.

And Jesus looked down 'from above,
As He did long years ago,
And blessed the old musician
Whose hair was as white as snow.

Oh sweet are the days that are gone,
But sweeter are those by far,
When we sit in our Heavenly corner
And strum on the old guitar.

DON'T CRY.



ONE day the writer got nervous
And it made her cry,
And it touched our little Andrew
Then he heaved a great big sigh.

"Oh don't cry; I will buy you sumptin"
Was what the sweet boy said,
And it touched a heart string
That will vibrate when I'm dead.

May we all, like little Andrew,
Be careful what we say,
Lest when we have touched the string
The sound will die away.

Give good thoughts, and speak good words
All through life my boy,
So the echo will come back,
And fill each heart with joy.

LITTLE HAZEL.



POOR little Hazel, if you treat her right,
Is a good little girl from morning 'till night;
But woe to the one that crosses her path,
Then it doesn't take long to develop her wrath.

She is as good as the rest and I'm sure you'll find,
If you treat her right, she'll always be kind.
There is only one thing I would criticise well,
It's praise her good deeds and her faults do not tell.

Remember the Saviour gave his decree
When he said, "Let the little ones come unto me;"
And this little girl He never forgot,
"Let her come" He said, "I forbid her not."

And now if the grown people will only be
As good as the children that come unto me,
I will bless them every day of the seven
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE GREED FOR GOLD.



'VE wished for gold with every breath,
I've wished it o'er and o'er;
But now it's Heaven after death,
What could I wish for more?

Then stand up by my Maker's side,
And look him in the face,
And know that however poor I am
I've found a resting place.

A place to lay my tired head,
And dry my tear-stained eye;
For death is a thing we all must meet
And gold can never buy.

SWEET MEMORIES.



H sweet reminiscence of childhood,
When they steal on you unaware,
It's then that I reverence my mother,
And the locks of her silvery hair.

Then trust and obey your mother,
For she has always been just,
The time will come and you know it—
“The young may die, but the old must.”

And sweeter will be the parting
When the time of death draws near;
If you've always been good to your mother
You'll have nothing left to fear.

Yes, dear are my recollections—
I had father and mother then—
Now doubly dear is my mother
For she is my truest friend.

THE DIAMOND FIELDS ABOVE.



OUR parents have gone where they'll never
come back,
And we've only each other to love;
But some day we'll meet them up yonder,
In the diamond fields above.

The price that is put upon your life
You will surely be able to meet,
When your soul has gone to the diamond fields,
And your body is down six feet.

The price is not so very high
On this, is the way to feel,
Then why on earth should I fear to die?
And go to the diamond fields.

Oh far above rubies is that precious stone,
When we've only His love to yield;
How gladly we'll give up our earthly home
When we reach the Diamond fields.

THE NIAGARA FALLS DISASTER.



H! that awful triple tragedy
Will ne'er forgotten be,
On the fourth of February nineteen twelve,
On Niagara's treacherous sea.

The winter visitors were exploring
With no thought of fear in mind,
They walked out upon the ice bridge,
And left the land behind.

Wm. Lablond heard the ice agrinding,
And ran at topmost speed;
Giving warning for others to follow—
Oh! what a heroic deed.

Oh! self-sacrificing Eldridge Stanton—
When he stood by his faithful wife—
He could not desert her in death,
For he loved her so well in life.

"I can't go on, let us die here."

She uttered, and then she fell;
And his call for assistance
Was only sounding their death knell.

Young Peacock of Cleveland, a stranger to both,
Stands like Damon and Pythias of old;
By his acts of kindness and love
Has raised a monument to his soul.

The fire headquarters of both countries
Sent in a general alarm;
They were stationed at the steel Arch
And Cantilever, to keep these people from harm.

They lowered a line from the bridge
While the spectators held their breath;
But Jesus "Threw out the life line"
And they spanned the chasm—death.

He raised the woman and kissed her,
And she made the sign of the cross,
And they knelt and prayed together—
For no one up there is lost.

FIRE ABOARD SHIP.



HE burning of the Naomi
Was a very spectacular sight
With the flames a leaping skyward,
In the darkness of the night.

It was way back in nineteen-seven
On the twenty-first day of May;
But it happened in the night time,
That's what the people say.

'Twas foretold in a dream the night before—
Like Jacob's dream of old—
When the Lord stood at the top of the ladder
And gathered the sheep in His fold.

He awakened from his sleep and was frightened
Because the Lord had spoken to him;
Then related his dream to a passenger
Who only laughed at him.

But, with the first alarm of fire,
It came back with full force—
And I thought of the dream of that stranger
And realized the truth for the first.

Now we will step back to Jacob,
And see what he promised the Lord;
“If He would only take care of him
He would obey Him,” was Jacob’s word.

Captain Traill called to Whelan (the wheelman)
And gave orders to stay at his post
And head for the nearest approaching light,
That no one on board might be lost.

Tom Whelan—like “John Maynard,”
Couldn’t see two feet ahead—
Stood by the wheel till the Kerr arrived;
But the boys in the hold were dead.

We lighted our handkerchiefs and waved them
In the wild hope that help would be sent.
Suddenly in the distance a light appeared!
Yes, we knew what it meant.

Oh! those welcome words that rang out clear
In the middle of the night—
“We see you, we’ll save you,”
Was shouted with all their might.

And a cheer went up from the maddened throng
At the sweet sound of that voice.
How little they thought, when they started out,
That fatal would be their voyage.

They were on their knees in a moment,
And were shedding tears of joy;
For the thought of home and mother
Was an overflow of joy.

It's like the call of the Master
To the sinner that's almost lost;
He'll see you and He'll save you
No matter what the cost.

There were seven members of the Hake family
That boarded the doomed ship,
Bound for a brilliant wedding,
But they reached there never a bit.

Their diamonds and jewelry were all lost,
But they were thankful to escape from death,
With flames so hot, and smoke so dense,
It almost took their breath.

Especially sad were the Hanley sisters,
Whose sad mission of death
Was to bury the form of their father,
Who had drawn his latest breath.

As the Kansas came up the river,
With her flag at half mast,
It told the story of four boys in the castle
And all signs of life was past.

There were more from our valley city,
And others from towns all around,
Who were thankful when they reached Grand Haven,
And stood upon the ground.

GENERATIONS.



TIME is fleeting fast,
We're passing down the line,
One thing that never waits
Is surely the hands of time.

We're going at a rapid pace;
Then try and live it well.
How soon we'll meet Him face to face,
There are none of us can tell.

The soul is easy to sell
When you come to die,
Live your life well
Then Jesus will surely buy.

When the angel of death is sent,
And we know this is our last,
May our life be well spent
When this generation is past.

ADVICE OF ONE PAL TO ANOTHER ON THE
MAXIMUM.



I WAS given the maximum
While only a youth,
Yet it couldn't have been greater
Had it been J. Wilkes Booth.
Not one of my pals
Would harken to my cry,
But left me alone;
Broken hearted, to die.

My poor white-haired mother
Stood by to the last—
The Lord bless and protect her
When it's over and past.
I forgive Judge McDonald—
For he had no bad intent—
Although he gave the maximum
I think the minimum was meant.

Then shun bad company
And leave liquor alone,
Or you'll receive the maximum
Before you're a man grown.
I'll work for a pardon
As long as life shall last;
May He blot my transgressions,
So I'll not be outcast.

Don't criticise the lawyer
Whatever you do,
Or blame it on the judge
When it's really up to you.
If you happen to be lucky
In life's little span,
Shun evil companions,
Brace up, and be a man.

(Tune of Old Oaken Bucket.)

COMMENCEMENT DAY.



HIS is commencement day

For the country of our choice,
The clouds were parted back
So the angels could rejoice.

The rain came down in torrents—
Oh what a joyful birth
When it struck the field of knowledge
And fell on the grand old earth.

Just four short years since I came here,
A little neglected girl,
Life was sweet but held no fear,
With my future all on a whirl.

I left my sisters and brothers,
And went with ladies of the town
To the place I now call home,
Where I'm happy and have no frown.

I've attended school on the corner
That I might knowledge learn,
So that in the future
The efforts you could discern.

On the stepping stone of knowledge
We are standing today;
Our teacher has blazed the trail,
But Jesus will pave the way.

And now, today, when I graduate
And look on my teacher's face,
I feel I shall love her always
And her memory ne'er efface.

When the alarm for us is given,
We will meet you one and all
In the high school in Heaven
At the sound of the recall.

And when our tasks are finished,
And we have said Amen,
May we hear those joyful words—
"Peace on earth, good will toward man."

A HANDKERCHIEF WAVED IN FUN.



NCE a little country lassie,
In the days of long ago,
Met a little country laddie,
Whom she did call her beau.

Then they made their mud pies,
And kept their secret well,
And between their sighs and cries,
They loved each other well.

Said the laddie to the lassie,
"Time is fleeting fast;"
Said the lassie to the laddie
"Wonder if our love will last?"

Grown to man and maidenhood,
Now we see them stand
As they did when children—
He holding lassie's hand.

Talking of their future
And going out to work,
Neither lad or lassie
Were ever known to shirk.

Then upon agreement
A farmer lad was he,
And she sought the kitchen
By laddie's side to be.

At daylight on a Monday morn,
You'd find her in the field
A dropping corn for laddie,
And the crop was sure to yield.

At the sound of the dinner horn,
When the day was over,
You could see them hand in hand
Coming through the clover.

Then they went a fishing
Down by the babbling brook,
And laddie was a wishing
For a little cozy nook.

In which to string a hammock
That they might sit and rest,
Where soon their young devotion
We will put to a test.

He took her face and held it,
And then her lips he pressed,
And the question that he asked her
Can easily be guessed.

For laddie loved her fondly,
And lassie loved him well,
And they plighted their troth together
By the old stone well.

May he always love his lassie
The same as he does today,
And may she love her laddie
With roses to pave the way.

They're standing at the altar
And the knot has just been tied;
May they live to bless the day
That he made her laddie's bride.

Choose well your occupation
When you're starting out in life,
And remember little laddie,
There is always lots of strife.

If you go upon the railroad,
Which you say you surely must,
In time of great disaster
Remember God is just.

Bear in mind my little laddie,
When you're gliding o'er the track,
That lassie's prayers are with you,
And don't let your courage slack.

Now he's gone and left her,
The road for him holds no fear;
He's flying o'er the commons,
Such is the life of an engineer.

Now she's walking down the meadow
Through the shady lane,
And she wonders will her laddie
E'er come back again.

He sees a face in a window,
As he's speeding o'er the track,
She waves her handkerchief to him,
And in turn he waves his back.

They met upon agreement

When he reached the end of his run,
Who would have said 'twas a life's mistake,
Of a handkerchief waved in fun.

He forgets the country lassie,

This life is so new to him,
Do you think the face in the window
Could lure you on to sin?

The little country lassie

Pledged her oath for life,
And she's as true today
As when she became his wife.

The little face in the window,

I'm sure was only in fun;
But when you wave your handkerchief
Let it be when life is done.

Oh! laddie did you know it?
Some one told your lassie girl,
Told her you was unfaithful,
And her brain is in a whirl.

She was in a wild delirium,
With fever at one hundred five,
But doctor fought all night
And pulled her through alive.

When the morning dawned
A storm was raging wild;
The lightning flashed and struck the bridge,
But woe for the lassie child.

She knew his train was coming,
So out of bed she crept;
There was no one there that missed her,
For they all so soundly slept.

And as she reached the bridge
It fell with one loud crash
Into the water below—
Everything went to smash.

No, there were some rafters
That hung from the side above;
She grabbed them and slid across—
This for the lad she loved.

Just as she dropped to the ground
She heard the whistle shriek.
She could not raise her head,
She was so very weak.

But she sent a message to heaven,
That beats Marconi's boy—
And the answer came back to earth
And saved her laddie boy.

The driving rod on the engine
 Broke right square in two—
And the engine came to a standstill,
 What more could our Saviour do?

Then laddie inspected the engine,
 And just four feet ahead
He found his lassie on the track,
 Unconscious, but not dead.

He raised her in his arms and kissed her,
 And pledged new words of love,
That he would quit the railroad,
 And work for the Master above.

They're back on the farm in the country,
 And two children play 'round their door,
A laddie and a lassie,
 What could they ask for more?

You can hear them in the morning
 Waft their notes on high,
For they're always singing—
 "Coming through the rye."

Time has changed, they're older grown;
 But their love is just the same
As when they made their mud pies,
 And wandered down the lane.

IN TIMES OF DISTRESS.

On June 20th, 1912, the writer upon returning home from the Union station, having just accompanied her niece there who was bound for Lowell, Michigan, met a young lady who very unfortunately had lost all of her money.

The following poem was composed and dedicated to the stranger, whom she partly reimbursed, by Ida Putnam Tubbs:



YOU poor little darling that lost all your
money,
When I saw on your face the stamp virtue
had set,
I thought of my niece—I had just called her honey—
And I knew from your face you were some mother's
pet.

I have thought of you often, in your hour of distress;
Unprotected, alone, and without any redress.
Could you but realize the aid was omnipotent
That was sent to a child, on whose face was marked
innocent.

Purity's stamp on your face was unblemished by far,
And upon your forehead was a glittering star;
Which shone forth in its brightness, and its rays
were so evident
That your face was a picture no artist could paint.

That face was the face of a fairy queen;
I have seen it often, but just in a dream,
I have wondered often, by night and by day,
If ever again it would come my way.

If it does there is just one favor I'll ask,
And you'll not find it a very hard task;
I want your picture as you looked then,
Taken and sent, and signed—a friend.

I once took a degree and I knew what it meant,
When by the commander a medal was sent;
I found on its back, in letters of gold,
A motto, 'twas good for the young and the old.

You will find the last line the one that I mean
Is the motto I send to this little queen—
I'll try to live up to it, was the vow that I made,
Be just, be merciful, be honorable and brave.

WILL YOU BE TRUE WHEN YOU ARE MINE?



YOU have been a bad girl through most of
you life,

But you'll more than make up in being my
wife.

I love you, 'tis true, but what can I say
If the love for another come into my way.
I'll be angry and mad, and scratch out your eyes,
And all of your goodness I'll surely despise.

I'll buy you a home and furnish it right
If you will be true from morning 'till night.
Oh! give me your promise, what more can there be,
I'll pay your bill, and then you'll be free;
I'll take the children and dress them up fine,
And because they are yours, then they will be mine.

Your mother may come and share our lot,
I always have liked her, she'll not be forgot.
You may have money at your command
If you'll only be true when you give me your hand.
Will you be true? Was it yes that I heard?
I know that you will if you give me your word.

The answer she gave him was noble and brave—
I will be true till I'm laid in my grave
If you will promise the same to me,
I know that forever happy we'll be—
You have promised me everything lovely and fine,
But will you be true when you are mine?

THE YELLOW ROSE.



ONCE there was a little lady
And I'm sure she meant all right.
If it was to help her neighbors,
She would work with all her might.

But somehow they grew jealous of her,
And the knowledge she could impart,
So they gave her a yellow rose—
And the thorn did pierce her heart.

One thing that I could tell you,
And it will surely come to pass;
They will always be jealous of you,
If they are not your class.

Be careful in your selection,
When you give the rose away,
And do not pluck the yellow rose,
For the thorns are there to stay.

When they realized what they'd done,
Then they hung them on her gate.
She left them there and they were stung,
For they were not her class or mate.

She paid no attention to them
But held aloft her head,
And went about her business,
Until one day they found her dead.

The doctor called it heart failure;
And the death angel said she smiled
And Jesus welcomed her home,
Through the gates of the undefiled.

Then they called a little meeting,
These ones that had been unkind,
And dropped a tear upon the bier
Of her whom they left behind.

Then they heaped a garland of roses
About that woman's door;
But the rose that had the thorn in
Left its sting forevermore.

There are roses that mean I love you;
Make your bouquets out of those.
If you do not like the jealous ones,
Do not pick the yellow rose.

THE DOOMED THEATRE.



ON Wednesday afternoon in nineteen hundred
three,
The masses had laid aside their cares
To attend the matinee,
For it was the holiday season, and all nature seem-
ed fair.

Mr. Bluebeard was the attraction,
And was advertised broadcast,
“Don’t fail to have the children see”—
We want them first and last.

Our building is a fireproof structure,
With exits on every hand;
Five men in city uniform
In aisles at your command.

The city that had once been swept by flames
Seemed to be the unlucky one;
For it held the Iroquois Theater Building
In which a fire began.

While the play had reached its zenith,
And the star was at his height,
Way up amongst the draperies
Glared forth a deadly light.

Then the transformation scene was on—
May they live to forget the sight—
That transformed the beautiful theatre
Into such a sorrowful plight.

The scene beggars description—
It was worse than I ever saw;
Worse than Bluebeard's chambers of horrors,
And that is against the law.

Worse than Dante's visions of Inferno
For 'twas no vision then;
A stern reality awaited them,
Worse than a slaughter pen.

Terror bound stood the audience
As they realized the peril at hand,
And Eddie Foy rushed to the front of the stage
And calmness was his command.

Then they rushed for the many exits
Only to find them battened down;
The doors to the fire escape were the same
And was met with a sickening frown.

Then they tried to force an exit,
But some demon seemed holding them back,
And they fell in heaps by the big doors,
And solidly they were packed.

God bless the many heroes
Who did their duty well,
And also bless these victims
That in the flames have fell.

Public sympathy ran high,
And tears came down in torrents;
But we can only heave a sigh
For our loved ones in their last moments.

How many people are there today,
Since the fire of seventy-two,
Could tell the fate of the postoffice cat—
They number perhaps a few.

The victims of this holocaust,
Could they speak, would tell you that
How gladly they would have been to accept
The fate of the postoffice cat.

To those who did escape,
And to those who went up higher,
We'll cross ourselves and say our prayers
For the ones in the theatre fire.

We will rear a monument tall and grand,
That will reach unto the sky;
And "Safe in Heaven" will be the words engraved
To be seen by the passers by.

Let's look up with a smile
And drive away that frown;
And prepare to meet our Saviour
Least the door be battened down.

SIN



SIN in its meagerest form
Is but an uneducated good,
And will never have the bad effect
If it is rightly understood.

The criminal may lay his plans
And execute them well;
And rather than be caught
His very soul he'd sell.

The good that lies within him
Has never been brought out;
It's been lying dormant all these years—
It's sin we're talking about.

You may cloak it with deception
Until you think He's passed you by;
But you'll not deceive the eye of God,
No matter how you try.

Don't live in your debauchery
Until the time has come to die,
Expecting at the eleventh hour
He'll waft your soul on high.

He is your Heavenly Father
And will never turn you down;
But you'll not receive the valedictory
Or even wear the crown.

Unless you mend your crooked ways,
And walk in the path that's straight,
You'll never meet St. Peter's approval
When you're standing at the gate.

We're in an age of progression
And 'twas from the very first;
But ignorance of that very fact,
I claim, is the very worst.

You must learn your A B C's
And know how to read and write
Before you enter the grammar school,
Or you'll be in a sorrowful plight.

If you're versed in ancient history
And the laws of the spirit world,
The Beacon light will shine out plain
When your sails are all unfurled.

Beware of the awful serpent
That's lurking in the flowers;
So let's be on the alert,
For we know not the hour.

Deception is an awful thing,
For no matter how you try
You'll not deceive the Maker,
When the hour of death draws nigh.

THE BROKEN VOW.



HE was only a little teacher
In one of our city schools,
She was never known to disobey
Or break the golden rule.

It's do to others as you would
That they should do to you;
Then no matter what will come about
You'll never prove untrue.

She had a flirty sweetheart—
But she loved him with her life—
He could not wait her motion,
So he took another for his wife.

She loved him true and dearly
And he loved her in return;
But the fire of a love outgrown
Will make a true heart burn.

A little smile once in a while,
A picture for a token,
A little sigh for days gone by
A little girl heartbroken.

Another man woos the little teacher,
With bank books well extended;
A social crown and a house in town,
And the teacher's heart is mended.

He lived to repent his actions—
And it was not so very long—
He would have given all he hoped to possess
For just one old time song.

From lips of his former sweetheart;
But then, that could never be.
She was as pure as an Easter lily
And could never figure three.

He thinks of the days that are gone,
And he heaves a little sigh
As he thinks of the days to come,
With a tear drop in his eye.

The one who needs your pity
Is the wife with the broken heart;
For the former sweetheart has his love,
Though they're doomed to live apart.

THE CYCLONE.



E'RE standing in the market place
With everything to buy,
And he is rich who has the goods
When the storm has passed us by.

A cyclone struck our city
And the damage that was done
Was mostly on the market,
And they felt it every one.

The farmers had driven from afar
To meet the hucksters there,
And also the commission man,
And one young lady fair.

The clouds were very threatening
And everything was dry
Until the cyclone burst upon us,
In the twinkling of an eye.

The rain came down in torrents
And the horses they ran wild.
And the storm king shattered the window pane
And frightened both man and child.

It raised havoc with the ball park,
And the grand stand went to smash
And killed two of our huckster's horses
As it fell with one loud crash.

The one that has the goods to sell
Will watch for the one to buy.
So be sure you've made the right sale
When the storms are raging high.

THE SUPREME MONARCH.



WHEN paltry wealth shall lose its power
And we're judged by deeds alone,
Then prison doors will be unlocked
And the walls will claim their own.

The judge that sits upon the bench,
Awaiting to pass sentence on you,
If we could only lift his mask.
Perhaps he'd be there too.

He's monarch of the court room,
Whom the lawyers all obey,
And when he gives his ruling
There's nothing else to say.

But when he sits in judgment
Upon that final day,
In front of our Supreme Monarch
He'll have nothing left to say.

THE ANGELUS.



HAT will you do when the Angelus rings,
Will you stand and pray, or shout and
sing

Unto Him, my Maker, my Lord, my King
I will stand and pray, when the Angelus rings.

Will you lift your voice to God on high,
And pray for us now and the hour when we die?
Will you do all this to atone for sin,
And pray each time when the Angelus rings?

I will do all this, yea, and more;
I will pray for sinners by the score.
I will cross myself and reverently sing,
Bend my knee and pray when the Angelus rings.

I will stop my work no matter where—
Be it out in the field in the open air;
I will bow my head and chant a requiem hymn
And do all this when the Angelus rings.

A PUFF FROM KNOWLEDGE.



F I have the puff from knowledge
And the masses pass me by,
What care I for the snub of ignorance
They can never soar or fly.

For their brain is so transparent
You can penetrate it with a glance;
But they'll snub you in their ignorance
If you give them half a chance.

Bring from the caves of knowledge
The jewels of the exploring mind,
And send them to some college
So they'll not be so far behind.

OLD ZANZIBAR.



EE my little pickaninnie,
What the angels sent to me;
Guess they sent it down from heaven,
For it's black as it can be.

Guess they picked it off the tree—
'Cause 'twas Christmas time—
And the songs I heard them singing
Seemed so like sublime.

Sent me down a pickaninnie
For my morning star,
But He only loaned the honey
To me, Old Zanzibar.

When He calls my pickaninnie
With the grim sceptre in His hand,
I will stand and face the angel,
When he waves the golden wand.

Now I see Him drawing nearer,
And I guess I'll hold him tight,
See! He's coming through the winder
Speeding on with all His might.

What is that I heard Him saying?
I will make your baby white,
At that time when you are praying,
I will chase away your fright.

But I beg you, I implore you,
Just to give my baby back,
Out of all your shinning angels
I would rather have him black.

Give me back my pickaninnie
What the angels gave to me.
Can't you see my tears agathering
I'm as lonesome as can be.

'Taint no sin to sit and cry
When you feel like this;
For a little baby's kisses
Never comes amiss.

All these years I'se been a plodding
In the straight and narrow way.
I ain't asked much of you dear Jesus,
'Cause I ain't had much to say.

But when you takes dat little baby
Den you'se touched a tender chord,
And I know you'se powerful mighty
'Cause you said so in your word.

Won't you give me back my baby—
Its only for a little while?
Please do give him, Mr. Jesus,
And you'll make ole Mammy smile.

I remember once I was happy,
Just as happy as I could be;
'Twas the time when Mr. Lincoln
Made this poor old Zanze free.

But I recon dat happiness
Wasn't calculated for such as me,
Else you'd never take my baby
In this bright land of the free.

Just please let me keep dat baby
And I'll be so awful brave,
I'm just an old black nigger,
But I'll be your faithful slave.

If you'll only leave my baby,
That you sent me from afar,
Until you're ready to take me,
Then I'll be your Zanzibar.

Yes, I'll leave it a little longer—
It will please you so I know—
For your eyes are growing dimmer
And your fleece is white as snow.

No one knew when Jesus called,
For he came so still and soft,
And Zanzibar took her pickaninnie
And bore it up aloft.

Whether standing at a distance
Or gazing from afar,
I see Zanzibar a smiling
Through the gates ajar.

My Zanzibar gained the mansion—
It's not far up the road,
And I'll never be a transient
For I've a permanent abode.

MY CASTLE IS MY DOMAIN.



HE husband and wife stood quarreling
Over which one should rule.
He had been bred in college
Yet she was no one's fool.

A man's house is his castle
So he told his wife one day;
But she raised her hand in self defense,
And dared to say him nay.

We will not war words or wrestle
O'er the mansion of today.
She is queen of her small castle—
This is not what children play.

Might as well stop your quarreling
And from these arguments refrain,
For you'll never conquer Willie
For my castle is my domain.

Makes no difference which one rules,
When you're in that house above,
Nor how much you've been to school,
Just remember "God is Love."

Lift your voice and give Him praise
For all the blessings you have had
While you've lived in your small castle,
And you're not so very bad.

Don't forget that Christ is Master
In that mansion where we aim.
Keep this thought always before you,
And you'll not exceed your domain.

SUMMERTIME VACATION.



THE month of June dawned at last,
And summer time is here.
We'll spend our vacation on the farm
With mother, wifey dear.

We'll take the children right along
For they also need a rest;
Not thinking dear old mother
With lots of work is blest.

They ought to have turned the tables
And let her come to town
Instead of piling on the work,
And bending her shoulders down.

They'll come in by the dozens,
Yes, we count them by the score;
Aunts and nieces and cousins,
And one or two friends, or more.

And still that dear old mother
Will meet them with a smile.
They never think to do the work
And let her rest a while.

If they'd only take a few steps
And try to mother save—
But, no danger, they'll never work
Themselves into an early grave.

Now when next vacation comes
Let's save our pennies up,
And give them all to mother
To keep her spirits up.

And invite her into town,
Insist on it that she comes,
And take her where'er you go
Before this life is done.

Do for her as she did for you
Is all that I would ask,
And the Lord will bless you always
When you've fulfilled your earthly task.

THE CODICIL.



If you've made your last will and testament,
And remembered one and all,
You'd better add a codicil
Before your final call.

And give your soul to Jesus,
And then you'll know you're safe,
And you'll live in perfect harmony
On the other side the grave.

He's the one that's done the most for you
So do not leave Him out;
And don't forget the codicil,
For 'twill make the angels shout.

They'll gather all around you,
And claim you for their own.
You'll see a bright and shining spot
Like a halo around the throne.

For they're all so well and happy
And there's no one ever ill,
You'll receive your Father's blessing
For that beautiful codicil.

A TRUE REBEKAH.



F you are a true Rebekah
And practice what you preach,
You'll not neglect your mother
When she's not beyond your reach.

And remember, my dear sister,
That the day will come to you
That you'll call for mother's blessing
If you could your life renew.

You may not think it now,
But the time will surely come,
You'll repent those bitter actions
As you have towards mother's son.

Who was your truest friend
In your sorest hour of need?
Then don't forget your sister
When you wore the mother's weed.

I remember well the night
You came rapping at my door;
Your heart was heavy laden,
And I know your feet were sore.

You had little baby with you,
And your husband by your side.
How well do I remember,
When the little darling died.

But don't feel bad, dear sister,
For the time is surely known
When we all must glean the harvest,
And we'll reap as we have sown.

Then dry your eyes, dear sister,
It's only for a little while,
And brother he will meet you,
And baby, she will smile.

I see her in the distance
Pure as a carrier dove;
With arms outstretched for mamma
That's a baby's holy love.

We all had the same mother
And her love was most divine,
And you'll find it still clinging there
Like the ivy green around the pine.

Oh, give your love to mother,
And visit her when she's sick,
And try to relieve her distress—
That's the way to make love stick.

Then don't neglect your mother
Through her few remaining years,
And you'll be a true Rebekah
In this lonely vale of tears.

WHAT IS ALL? WHEN ALL IS TOLD?



IT'S hard work to live when one is poor,
And keep starvation from the door,
And feed the children and clothe them fine,
And bring them up to be pure in mind.

You may work and drudge from morn till night,
Yes, work hard with all your might;
And when you've made a mint of gold,
What is all, when all is told?

If you're poor you can only live—
Yet always ready one-half to give;
But if you've made a mint of gold,
What is all, when all is told?

When the hour of death draws nigh
The rich will always pass you by;
But if you've made a mint of gold,
What is all, when all is told?

Just try and live on easy street
And smile at everyone you meet;
For if you've made a mint of gold,
What is all, when all is told?

The price of your soul is far too high
For the rich man's wealth to ever buy,
And if he has a mint of gold,
What is all, when all is told?

No matter how little or much you've done,
There is a standard we're measured on
And if you've made a mint of gold,
What is all, when all is told?

Just give me enough, is all I ask,
To lighten my poor old mother's task;
And give me your blessing, it's more than gold,
For it amounts to much, when all is told.

I don't ask for wings so I can fly,
But I want it said of me when I die—
There is another one in our Saviour's fold
That cannot be bought or sold.

THE SECOND GIRL.



THE second girl is a precious gem—

That unto us is given—

Although she's figured second here,

She'll be reckoned first in heaven.

She's as pure as the lily,

And like the morning dove, most fair;

Her eyes are deep as the ocean's blue,

For there's virtue shining there.

Of course there are exceptions

To almost every rule;

But the one that I allude to

Received her training at Virtue's school.

The rich may be the first on earth,

But she has our Saviour's love.

And although she's poor by birth,

She'll not be second up above.

THE UPLIFTED HAND.



OD bless the little old man,
Whose faith in God is strong;
We know his days are numbered,
And 'twill not be very long.

At times he's been too ill
To send his petition on high,
So he just raised his right hand,
And the Lord never passed him by.

✽

May our faith be as strong as his,
So that when we come to die,
If we only raise our right hand,
'Twill be seen by God on high.

He's lived through many ages—
Over four score years and ten—
His right hand often uplifted,
To be seen by God and men.

When he goes to sleep at night,
He's smiling through his tears,
His hand is still uplifted
Through his declining years.

THE FATAL SHOT.



H, I pity you, brother policeman,
With your poor sad broken heart,
When you sent that fatal bullet
That glanced and missed its mark.

And the mother has our sympathy,
For he was the boy she loved;
While our Saviour has poor Clarence
In His mansion up above.

They will miss him in the morning
From his old accustomed place,
And the smiles that often gathered
On his bright and happy face.

It was a sad mistake,
That is why I grieve for you;
You have the sympathy of many,
Not only just a few.

You were only doing your duty
When sent out upon a call,
With seven years upon the force,
And respected by one and all.

No one feels as you do,
And no one ever will
Unless they're placed as you were,
With a mission to fulfill.

Your eyes are stained from tears,
That you've shed while others slept,
And you have our deepest sympathy
For we know that "Jesus wept."

Instead of calling it manslaughter,
It should be rendered thus—
That it was a fatal accident,
And make it unanimous.

No matter what the verdict is,
The time will come, you see,
If rendered on its merits
The judge will set you free.

We're thankful to judge and jury
For the verdict rendered thus—
We knew if you did your duty
'Twould be fatal accident unanimous.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.



ANY summers have rolled away,
And this is your golden wedding day,
Frost has wrapped his mantle about your
head,
And your life companion is long since dead.

The flowers and grasses nod o'er his grave
And you, dear heart, stand with the brave.
It's many years you've stood alone,
Yet sweet memories of him to you are known.

Winter's cloak its mantle of ermine has spread
Many years like a fairy shawl over your dead,
And still you sit alone through life
And grieve for him—you faithful wife.

Your children love you, I'm sure they do;
But no one like that companion for you
When in your solitude you sit alone,
Remember He said, "I'll build you a home."

The plans the architect has laid
Are drawn to reach beyond the grave;
There are no defects, they are perfect and grand,
And drawn to be built by the upright man.

You stood at the altar in early life,
And pledged yourself a faithful wife;
Faithful in life and death when anyone spoke
And staunch and true as the grand old oak.

They say he is dead, so content I'll wait—
For the death angel always claims its mate.
When I go, one parting kiss I'll take
From my children, for death is but the gate.

Yes, the gate to the City of Paradise
In the beautiful realm beyond the skies;
And Jesus our Saviour holds the key,
And will unlock the door and let us see.

THE FAMOUS PICTURE.



WILL draw you a little picture
Of the rose of love in bloom,
In the center of a garden,
And give it lots of room.

The picture will be a masterpiece
I haven't any doubt,
If you beautify the garden,
By keeping the malice out.

There's a place I'll enter this picture—
'Twill be at the angels' fair
I'll enter it for the first premium,
For they give the blue ribbon there.

And then this famous picture
I'll hang on the walls above,
So every one can see it
Was made famous by His love.

Then if you will take a copy
And hang it on memories' wall,
I'm sure it will bring you happiness
That cannot be fathomed at all.

Don't put it in the storehouse
Or the attic out of sight;
But keep it in the sunshine
And leave it there day and night.

Where moth or rust will not corrode,
And time will not decay,
'Twill hang forever on memories' wall
Until ages have passed away.

(This received first premium October 5th, 1912, at
the Grangers' Fair at Cazenovia, Michigan.)

FRIENDSHIP, OR WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?



WHEN you find a friend that's good and true
And steadfast to the end,
You'll find a hundred the other way
That you thought had been your friend.

Then clasp their hand in friendship true,
And hold it till the end,
And say as the Levite did of old,
"He's my neighbor, who was my friend?"

The one you take to be your friend
Is often in disguise;
So pick the good samaritan dear,
And prove that you are wise.

The definition of a friend,
You will learn in the time of need;
They're not known by the clothes they wear
But by their heroic deeds.

It's all very well to depend on a friend,
That is, if you've proved him true;
But you'll find out in the longest run,
It's the old instead of the new.

"THE HOLY CITY."



YOU may take the licentious person,
And the man of the saintly brow,
And harness them up together
You'll have trouble anyhow.

For he's used to drunken debauchery,
He's been so steeped in sin,
And work as hard as you will
You can't make a man of him.

You may dress him in silk or satin,
And show him the better way;
But he'll emanate to his level,
No matter how much you say.

When he reaches the river Jordan
And sees the man with the saintly brow,
He'll wish he had followed his teachings,
And taken the heavenly vow.

For 'twill be his greatest comfort
When his lamp of life burns dim,
To know that he followed the teachings
That were put in the book for him.

May you never look back, my brother,
O'er years of a wasted life,
But enter the "Holy City"—
Let righteousness be your strife.

WHEN WE UNDERSTAND.



HEN we lay aside our troubles,
And from all cares are free,
And stand upon the other shore,
I hope we will agree.

It's been a hard old struggle,
All our journey through
The fault has been with me, dear child,
Just as much as you.

There'll come a time, my dear one,
When from the world we're hid
We'll never air our differences
Beneath the coffin lid.

Then put your trust in Him,
When we're slipping o'er the brink,
For when we get to that point
There ain't much time to think.

When we're ready for the journey
 May it be likened unto this—
We'll clasp each others hand,
 And say, good bye, and kiss.

The journey is a long one,
 While life on earth is short;
We'll understand it better
 When the battle has been fought.

YOU'LL MISS ME.



YOU'LL miss me when I'm dead

And you've said your last good-bye,

You'll think of Uncle Ed.

With a tear drop in your eye.

They'll miss you just the same

When your time has come to die,

It's like when the water's gone

And the well's run dry.

Then put up with my small defects

And I'll try to be perfect there,

For we want a grand reunion

In that bright realm over there.

Forgive us what we've done amiss—

For we're all so prone to err—

And in the evening of our lifetime

We will meet each other there.

We'll meet our brother loved ones,
And those that have gone before,
And play about our mother's knee
As in the happy days of yore.

For we will be as little children,
And each one will know his place,
And we'll know our dear old mother
When we see her angel face.

ALWAYS SOMETHING.



HERE is always something,

When you've done the best you could;

But to wish our poor dear father back,

We wouldn't if we could.

It's only a little while

And we will go to him;

He'll meet us at the Golden Gate,

For I know they'll let him in.

We'll tell him how we left things,

But he won't want to know;

For he dropped all earthly troubles

When he left this vale below.

Now mother don't be lonesome,

For some day you may go;

Your hair is getting whiter,

And your steps are getting slow.

There was a promise made us—
That we might join the heavenly feast.
Now the one who made this promise
Is called the "Star of the East."

Yes, there is always something,
Something until you die;
Something, when Jesus takes you
And we are left to cry.

Then be ready for His coming,
And do not bid Him wait,
And we'll all be very happy,
When we meet Him at the gate.

LITTLE JEWEL, OR THE SAVIOUR'S BLOSSOM.



MAMMA'S little fairy,
The love bud of her heart,
Given by the Saviour,
And called her cupid's dart.

Too sweet to stay on earth,
So Jesus called her home
To abide with him forever,
And with the fairies roam.

†

Mamma's bud and Jesus' blossom—
The angel of our heart;
We'll give her back to Jesus
Though it breaks our heart to part.

OUR INFANT.



WEETEST little infant,
God just loaned awhile,
Came into our household,
Just to breathe and smile.

Only stayed a moment,
Closed its eyes and went,
Back unto our Saviour,
One by whom 'twas sent.

LINES TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.



HE death angel called your baby
And wafted it on the breeze;
But Jesus stood at the Golden Gate,
Far above the trees.

He opened His arms and received it,
For it was only a bundle of love;
It was only a gift He loaned you,
In exchange for a mourning dove.

Just a few years and we'll meet our children,
In that bright and happy land,
Headed by our Saviour
And his beautiful angel band.

LITTLE ORPHAN.



BE assured, my little orphan,
That God takes care of all;
He sees the mighty when they die,
And counts the sparrows fall.

And remember, little orphan,
She is not so far away,
For Jesus only lent her,
She did not come to stay.

Then put your trust in Him,
And obey all His commands,
He will wash away our sins,
That's the way to make your stand.

Then dry your tears, little orphan,
And don't make so great a fuss;
And remember your poor dear mother
Is better off than us.

Sometimes the trials of life
Are pretty hard to endure,
But that blessed name of mother
He respects forevermore.

WE MISS HIM.

Lines on the death of Prof. Albert Jennings, Principal of the Union High School, Grand Rapids, Mich., who died Aug. 30, 1912.



GOOD-BYE our beloved brother—

Yours was a well spent life,

The tears we shed this morning

Are for your lonely wife.

Your work here was completed

When you finished last year's term;

You stayed to spend vacation

But the Saviour for you yearned.

So when vacation was ended,

He claimed you for His own,

It's another jewel in His crown

To shine upon the throne.

We shall miss you, Brother Jennnings,

In all the walks of life

That you were wont to travel in,

In this weary toil and strife.

May all our brothers and sisters,
And your scholars and pupils too,
Meet you up in heaven
And their education renew.

I wish my poem was better,
But I'm not competent to the task;
For yours was the valedictory,
When Jesus said, "Home at Last."

A PRAYER FOR BABY.



H, God in Heaven, our Saviour too,
And the little children's friend,
Help our dear baby to make the grade
And be with her to the end.

Let your presence like a shining light
Illuminate the way,
Stand by these parents in their grief,
And keep baby through the day.

Yes, keep her many years to come,
We are so selfish here,
We humbly bow our heads and ask,
That we may keep the little dear.

SYMPATHY.

Composed and written September 29, 1912, at 3:30
a. m. for an afflicted friend.



H you poor afflicted sister,
Lying on a bed of pain.
I pray to God our Heavenly Father,
Give you health and strength again.

Touch her with your hand, dear Saviour,
That she may be free from pain;
I only ask you this, dear Father—
Just to make her well again.

Let her feel your healing power,
And the goodness of your heart,
And the milk of human kindness
Will strength and nourishment impart.

We'll leave it all with you, dear Father,
For we know you know what's best;
We've resigned to do your bidding,
And your goodness will do the rest.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF OUR DRUGGIST.



RAND RAPIDS' most famous druggist,
And a christian that is more,
But when the time came right
He rapped upon your door.

It was a hard blow, Rolland,
For us to let Him in,
But the reason that He wanted you,
Is because you were free from sin.

We hope some day to greet you,
In a land that's free from pain,
Robert and I will meet you
And live our lives again.

We'll finish our ride in a chariot,
Made of gold without alloy;
Papa, mamma and Robert—
Our own dear darling boy.

The chariot will be like a boat
With Jesus at the helm,
And we'll all be reunited,
At last in that heavenly realm.

YOUR BUD AND OUR BLOSSOM.



OUR precious gems loaned for a while,
From the Master up above,
We could not see one go astray
While our hearts were filled with love.

You have a bud of promise,
Yes, we know she is your own.
Oh! do to others as you should
For we reap as we have sown.

You will never know the feelings
Of a heart that is in despair,
Until you are put in the same place;
There is nothing that can compare.

May you never meet dishonor
Or be a fallen man;
At least not in the sense
That you must rest beneath the ban.

May heaven's richest blessings forever and a day
Be yours, 'till forgotten actions are forever swept
away.
And as you go through life wherever your pathways
meet,
May our Saviour's be the hand to place you on your
feet.

A PRAYER FOR TEDDY.



AY God be with you, Teddy Roosevelt,
Through this dark and trying hour,
May the blessings from your opponents
Be a universal shower.

May your sickness be of short duration,
That we may hear your voice again
Sounded o'er this mighty nation—
I pray it may be so ordained.

Thou, Oh God, and Great Jehovah,
Shower your blessings down on him,
And deal justly with the ruffian
Who committed the awful sin.

Like Cain he did not repent,
So God put a mark on him;
Now every one that sees him
Knows God will punish for that sin.

The sad news of your misfortune
Spread like wild fire to every town;
But the message from our nation is,
"You can't keep a good man down."

IN MEMORY.



OW we miss you, Sister Watzek,
Words of ours can ne'er express;
But we know our Heavenly Father
Doeth all things for the best.

And we know, dear Sister,
You have lived this life sublime,
And was ready when He called you
To come across the border line.

We shall miss you, our dear Sister,
From your old accustomed place,
And the smiles that often gathered
On your bright and happy face.

And we hope some day to meet you
When we cross the border line,
When the Master holds the sickle,
And the bells ring forth their chime.

We can but extol your virtues—
For we know you were good and true—
And we loved you, our dear Sister,
You were one of the chosen few.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.



DEAR Lord, Our Great Physician,
Please won't you be my friend?
Add to my health by giving strength
To the hand that holds the pen.

Substract from my affliction
Until mine shall be a glad "Amen,"
And yours, shall be the lines praiseworthy,
From the hand that holds the pen.

Multiply it by your healing power,
For your goodness is akin
To the division of the future,
For the hands that hold the pen.

THE REUNION.



WE meet once again, old neighbors, I'm told,
At Maggie's, we meet the young and the
old,

And this is the place we hold most dear,
It brings back the memories of many a year.

When we lived on the dear old farm,
In Laten township, and meant no harm
To any one of our loyal crowd,
For gossip with us was not allowed.

We're so happy to meet you once again
That from these expressions we cannot refrain;
Some have married and moved away,
While others have settled down to stay.

Some have gone to the better land;
But some day we'll meet—you understand.
We'll meet the young as well as the old,
And renew our good time in the heavenly fold.

A MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.



H God, our Heavenly Father,
Let your hand rest on our child;
Show her the pangs of evil,
But keep her pure and mild.

Let her's never be the motto
Which reads at a heart's expense,
When we look back in after years—
A misplaced confidence.

Show her the value of a friend
That is free from stain and guile,
And across the troubled waters,
Pour the oil of your sweet smile.

Teach her all the magnificence
Of a confidence well kept,
But for a misplaced confidence
Our Saviour, "Jesus wept."

And through all the years to come,
After we have striven,
May our motto read like this—
"Twas not misplaced in heaven."

TO MY MOTHER.

September 25, 1912.



YOU'VE reached the age of seventy-one
And the trials of life are nearly done;
May its joys and blessings outnumber the
rest,
And your years to come in sunshine be blest.

May you live to enjoy two score more,
Before the Death Angel knocks upon your door,
And when He does may that smile serene
Be the sweetest in death 'twas ever seen.

Your husband awaits you on the other shore—
He's standing ready to tide you o'er,
The Master has made him boatsman you see,
So 'twill be easy sailing for you and me.

There's nothing to fear it's all so plain,
We've nothing to lose and all to gain,
Our band of four will reunited be,
When the tide goes out and He sets us free.

GOD'S BEST GIFT TO MAN.



H Woman, lovely Woman,
Ever since the world began.
Loved and fondled and caressed,
Thou art God's best gift to man.

Thou art mother of the Saviour,
And it's always been your plan
To be with the little children,
And give them the helping hand.

You were once a little infant,
And beloved as we love you;
Now you've grown to noble womanhood,
With a higher point in view.

We love you for your chastity,
You're so noble, grand and true;
And when noted for your purity,
You are like the morning dew.

May all the praises fall on you
Wherever you lay your hand,
Wherever you leave a foot print,
For you're God's best gift to man.

THE THREAD OF LIFE.



OH! the joy of life can never be told,
When you clasp your young son to your
breast,
But the sorrows of life are one hundred fold,
When you lay him away to rest.

Chorus—

Oh I'll kiss him once for the love he brought,
As he lay so sweet in my arms,
And the battle of life was bravely fought,
But the Arch Angel held the charms.

Oh, the thread of life is a tender cord,
And some day we'll have to let go,
And the angels will sing with one accord,
It is well, and be it so.

Chorus—

Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well, my
darling son,
You was dear mamma's love, but you're in the heav-
en above,
Fare thee well my darling one.

(To the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home.")

SO MOTE IT BE.



HERE'S a shining light on the golden shore
Where, some day, the blind will see.
The promise was made forevermore,
When He said, "So mote it be."

There will be forever a cloudless day,
And we'll never have any more night.
The flowers will bloom as they do in May,
And the blind shall receive their sight.

Oh! I said good-bye to the world long ago—
The night that my sight left me;
And this I want you all to know,
I'm as happy as I can be.

I lost it here, but I gained it there,
When He said believe in me.
It was better to me than Vanity Fair
When He said, "So mote it be."

HER INDIAN LOVER.



AN Indian met a white girl while skipping
o'er the lawn,
He called this little white girl my pretty
little fawn;
He called her all the pretty names an Indian ever
heard,
And his heart went out in rapture to the pretty little
bird.

Chorus—

She had the prettiest lover a white girl ever knew;
But unto her Indian lover the white girl said, skidoo.

I'll take you to my wigwam, my pretty palefaced
bird,
For the Indian is steadfast and always keeps his
word.
If you will come with me and always be as true,
I'll take you down the river in my little birch canoe.

Chorus—

She had the prettiest lover a white girl ever knew;
But unto her Indian lover the white girl said, skidoo.

His heart was rent asunder when she would not be
his bride,
So this pretty Indian lover just laid him down and
died;
They laid him near the green sward where first he
met his love,
And now his faithful spirit guards her from above.

Chorus—

She had the prettiest lover a white girl ever knew;
But unto her Indian lover the white girl said, skidoo.

LIFE'S MIRROR.



HIS life is but a mirror,
The reflections are your own,
When once the mirror is broken
There's many a bitter moan.

There's many a heart that's aching
O'er reflections of the past,
But live the life Christ taught you
And your mirror will always last.

It's hard to keep this mirror
Without a crack or nick,
But to keep it from being broken
Is quite a different trick.

DREAMLAND.



F we could read the inmost thoughts
Of the hearts that are in despair,
We would trim anew our candle true,
And let love's light shine there.

Could we catch a beam of a golden dream
As it flitted o'er the trees,
And waft it back along the track,
Or on the gentle breeze.

And have it caught by the one 'twas sought
And love though the years be few,
'Twould gladden the hearts to never part,
In the land where dreams come true.

MY COPYRIGHT.



DEAR friend if you will listen
To me without a fear,
I'll tell you about my copyright,
Which to me is very dear.

First my poems came to me,
And in Jesus I believe,
And that's the only reason,
These are rights that I've achieved.

A copyright amounts to nothing,
And patent rights are on the bum,
Unless you believe in Jesus,
And combine the two in one.

Apply at the Library of Congress,
With all of your credentials great,
If you do not believe in Jesus,
Pray what will be your fate?

Then contract with the printer
And conspirators abhor,
With your trust in Jesus say
My copyright's applied for.

With copyrights applied for,
And work only just begun,
I hope it will be granted,
When my title page is done.

When my copyright is granted
With the Saviour up above,
I hope to win the laurels
And the object of my love.

MY TITLE PAGE.



IN middle life I began to think
My work was nearly done;
But I awoke to the realization
That it had only just begun.

I started to write a book one day,
It was in the month of May.
Now what will be your title page?
I heard the printer say.

Just one kind word to help me on—
In letters of shining gold—
If put upon the title page
Could not be bought or sold.

My leaves will be of pure white,
And gold will be their edge;
And you'll speak of me more kindly
When you read my title page.

When you awake from your title page,
And the last chapter has been read;
Post mortem praises don't count for much,
After a feller is dead.

"All is not gold that glitters,"
No matter however handsome;
"When I can read my title clear"
'Twill be better than a King's ransom.

When you look upon my title page
With the index close at hand,
I feel you'll know the authoress
In that fair and happy land.

Then don't give up, my dearest friend,
And remember all is not lost;
You'll receive life's benediction
When life's rubicon has been crossed.

When my leaves have all been turned
And you peruse my book with care,
May you look upon God's title page,
And find my inscription there.

THE DAYTON FLOOD.



H Dayton, our sister city,
While your star was at its height,
Rushed the waters of the Miami
Bringing with it much afright.

It took you in the morning,
Many people had been warned
That the breaking of the levee
Meant to everyone much harm.

Some there were who heeded warning
And a place of safety sought;
While their dear, beloved companions
In the seething flood were caught.

And the water bore down upon them
Until its depth was twenty feet—
And its poor and helpless victims
Were like feathers in the street.

Then a fire burst upon them
In the twinkling of an eye;
When an oil tank struck the exchange
And sent its flames on high.

And the terror-stricken city,
In its awful hour of gloom,
Carried on its rushing waters
Precious burdens to the tomb.

But the waters, in their terror,
Rushing by so deep and fast,
Sometime will find its level
For it cannot always last.

Every cloud has a silver lining,
And poor Dayton has one too;
And we'll thank our Heavenly Father,
Though the survivors score a few.

Out of those that lived to thank you
From the Miami's bad rampage,
Is the baby in the pillow slip—
May its name go down in age.

One hundred feet above the waters,
Though 'twas such a tiny bit,
It slid the cable to its mamma
By its papa's heroic grit.

THANK YOU.



ON'T forget the little "thank you's"

That you should give in life,
And always do a kindness

To your husband and your wife.

Give the praises to the living,
And remember he is brave
Who is filled with love and giving
In the shadow of the grave.

The rose that means "I love you,"
Is the bright one that is red;
Give it to me while I'm living,
I won't want it when I'm dead.

Just one more word, I thank you,
For the praises you have given,
And the kindness you have done me,
Are recorded up in heaven.

MIRTH

THE ISSUE OF THE DAY.



OME say that Teddy will get it,
And some say Wm. Taft;
But give us the one that can truly say,
You may keep your half and half.

We want no alliance with England,
So that she can wield the rod;
But give us the one that is able to say,
He has an alliance with God.

We care not which one it is—
So long as his principles are right;
Then each one will give him a boost,
And help him to win the fight.

MAUDE MULLER ON THE TITANIC.



MAUDE Muller, on a nice spring day,
Boarded the Titanic and rode away.

Beneath her lid there beamed a smile,
And she was singing all the while.

Singing she rode, and in her glee
Everyone thought she was on a spree.

But when she was far from Labrador's shore,
And realized it would soon be o'er.

The sweet song died, and a strange unrest,
And something like terror filled her breast.

And in the stillness a whistle was heard,
Oh what if we should strike a berg.

The judge walked by on the deck above
And she looked to him like a carrier dove.

From the place where he spied her he could hardly
see,
So down the stairs he went—jumps one, two, three.

Then up he went and stood by her side,
The man that gets you should be filled with pride.

Then he went away and she saw him no more,
But perhaps they will meet on the Evergreen shore.

If I could live and die with that girl by my side,
Out of all the nation, she should be my bride.

A man of brains and a peasant child,
Who would have thought she'd have been his style.

Just then the boat made an awful noise,
And high in the air her stern she poised.

The time that she stood there seemed more than a
minute,
But less than that time it took to tell it.

The thought that flashed upon Maude's mind,
Was I wonder if the judge will be left behind.

I would gladly be a mermaid down in the sea,
If when I reached heaven the judge's bride I could be.

I've been pretty bad, allowing me to be judge,
But never intemperate in anything but fudge.

I wonder if God will forgive me, when he sees how
bad I've been?

I never sported with women, or run around with men.

"Alas for the judge, alas for the maid;
Dreams were only their stock in trade."

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
We cannot tell what might have been.

Ah! well for them both; hope still remains
For the peasant child and the man of brains.

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Pull down the barrier that blocked the way.

THE PICNIC.



E'RE off to the coal dealers' picnic,
Down at Jenison Park;
We'll stay all day, have a good time,
And we won't come home until dark.

We'll have a chicken dinner
And we want you all to come;
It'll be served by Cateress Gage
And we'll warrant it A Number One.

Then, we'll have our games and sport,
And ride upon the lake,
Come back and have our supper,
And the car for home we'll take.

The coal men are a jolly bunch,
And always full of laughter;
I would rather shovel coal on earth,
Than in the great hereafter.

They're a tired lot of fellows,
Of that you need have no fear,
They've had a plenty of lager,
But they'll be on hand next year.

BACK FROM THE PICNIC.



E'RE back from the coal dealers' picnic,
Lake Harbour was the park;
We stayed all day, had a good time,
And didn't get home until dark.

We had a first-class dinner,
And all were pleased that came;
There was only one thing lacking
To make it just the same.

It's this that I would tell you,
For although we liked the place,
The dinner served by Cateress Gage
Last year, is not effaced.

The reason we went to Lake Harbour
I will tell you every one,
And left old Jenison Park,
Was to local option shun.

We had our games and sport,
And a ride upon the lake,
And when we had our supper,
You bet we took the cake.

We certainly were a jolly bunch,
And full of riddles and jokes;
We would rather puff the pipe of peace
Than in the hereafter smoke.

We are tired, to be sure,
But' I'll try and make it clear,
It won't take but little coaxing
To bring us back next year.

For it's good-bye Jenison Park,
You've always used us fine,
And when we cross the Harbour bar,
May we be welcomed home in time.

THE ASPIRING WOMAN.



O find a job for your husband,
And let him wear the pants;
He's just as smart as you are,
It's only you who thinks he can't.

I can't never did anything;
But he is the one that can.
The only credit you gave him,
Was for being a laboring man.

If you aspired to something higher,
Why didn't you get a balloon?
Then you could have sailed among the stars,
And married the man in the moon.

Remember the day you took him,
And the day that he took you;
Hasn't he always been faithful,
And hasn't he always been true?

Stand by him in the springtime,
And the noonday of your life;
And remember, he's the same today
As when you became his wife.

Now you're growing old together,
And your hairs are turning gray.
May your path be strewn with roses
Along life's rugged way.

You have reached your sixtieth mile stone—
It's a long time when you look ahead,
But not so long in looking backward;
Soon you're numbered with the dead.

TEDDY AND BILL AT THE CONVENTION.



E'RE off to Chicago, says Teddy,
I don't give a rip, says Bill.
You will always find Teddy ready
But they'll nominate me, says Bill.

Will the ushers please pass the water,
And give Teddy time to think;
There is only one place that's hotter,
But you can't drive Bill to drink.

IT'S BIDDY I LOVE YOU.



H! Biddy I love you, and will you be mine?
I've thought of this question many a time;
I've watched through the window, when
you're making tea,
And wondered if ever you'd make it for me.

Chorus—

It's Biddy I love you, it's Biddy I do,
It's Biddy your Patsy will always be true.

I'll take you back to Dublin's shore;
Where the green shamrock grows we'll live evermore.
Oh! Biddy I love you, because you're so sweet,
You're an angel complete from the soul to the feet.

Chorus—

It's Biddy I love you, it's Biddy I do,
It's Biddy your Patsy will always be true.

By the side of the candle with the cross in your
hand,

You were ready to obey our Father's command;
That's the reason I love you because you are pure,
And the trials of life are hard to endure.

Chorus—

It's Biddy I love you, it's Biddy I do,
It's Biddy your Patsy will always be true.

Now give me a kiss, and promise to me
That you'll be my Biddy, I will says she,
For I love you the same as you love me,
Was the answer she gave to Patsy McGee.

Chorus—

It's Biddy I love you, it's Biddy I do,
It's Biddy your Patsy will always be true.

(Tune Irish Washerwoman.)

THE MENAGERIE.



HE white man has his baby,
And the Indian his papoose,
The old hen has her chickens,
And the goslin has its goose.

The darkey has his pickaninnie,
And the Chinaman has his cue;
When the old cat has her kittens
You might as well skidoo.

The canary has its birdies,
And the dog has his pups;
It'll keep you all a guessing
To keep this right side up.

The dove will find its mate,
The hawk will find her's too;
But when mated up together,
That's a thing 'twill never do.

The horse has his colt,
And the cow has her calf,
The lover has his sweetheart,
But then that isn't half.

The lion has its whelps
And the bear has its cub;
The gambler leaves his wife
And is off to the club.

The deer has its fawn,
And the ewe has its lamb;
Taft and Teddy fought,
But the battle was a sham.

The wife has her husband—
They've had many a bitter strife;
And although he is a lobster
You may bet he insured his life.

The jack has its jennie,
And the eagles have their young;
The fishes have their minnies,
Or I'm a son of a gun.

THE GOLDEN CROWN.



WHEN I'm one hundred and eight years old,
With two curls a hanging down,
I'll not be hanging around this place
To receive a golden crown.

I'll be in a place that's free from pain,
And they don't need dentists there—
And glyco-thymoline will be laid aside,
And also vitalized air.

It's all very well to use cocaine,
And such rubbish as that on earth;
But when you meet the maid with the silver curls
You'll give the forceps a very width berth.

But when you arise to compete for the prize,
In the land of the Golden Crown,
And see all the people you've tortured here,
You will smile instead of frown.

And after the prize has been handed to you—
In that place that is so fair—
After winning your earthly laurels here,
I hope I will meet you there.

When I reach that heavenly palace,
The place that is so grand,
I'll peek in every corner
And look for the dental man.

When I'm one hundred and eight years old,
You'll be a great deal more
If you're noted for such longevity here,
When'll you reach the other shore?

HOW JESSE JAMES ENTERED HEAVEN—NIT.



JESSE James was an outlaw,
And although big and brave,
Was shot by a coward's bullet
And laid in a criminal's grave.

A large reward was offered,
Dead or alive for him;
So Ford pulled the trigger,
His companion in crime and sin.

The time he took to do it,
Jesse stood upon a chair,
With belt lying upon the bed,
Adjusting a picture there.

You see his back was toward him,
And reward to a coward looks big.
When Jesse knew his time had come,
He said, "On Ford I'll get the rig."

I'll be at the gate in heaven,
* Beside St. Peter fair,
And I'll see that you don't enter
 For they don't have cowards there.

We'll be face to face when I meet you,
 But you'll be outside the gate.
I'll be sitting on a golden stool
 But you'll have to stand and wait.

Yes, of course, St. Peter will let me in,
 For he loves the big and brave;
He has no use for the coward
 That laid him in his grave.

Why when he saw me coming
 His smiles were just the same;
He looked up quick, and said,
 "Why here comes Jesse James."

He signaled for the band boys
And the chariot man to come;
They loaded me right in the car,
And in that way I went home.

I never thought I'd get there,
Any more than you,
And wasn't surprised when he said to me,
"You'd better step back, skidoo."

HOT TIME.



WOULD rather be a thrifty farmer's wife,
Leading a good true honest rural life,
Free as the winds that blow from north to
south,

Instead of living the meal from hand to mouth.

The way they do in the noisy city din,
When the poor, hard-working laborer comes in
After a day of toil upon the street,
A welcome smile at home he's sure to meet.

He works so hard to keep them all alive;
His poor, scant earnings he must divide with five.
He's tired and cross and when the day is done—
What was intended for five was not enough for one.

No wonder he's discouraged with all the bills to pay,
The house rent over due upon that very day;
The landlord served a notice upon them to get out,
The neighbors wondered what 'twas all about.

There's money in the budget to keep us all alive;
If divided equally the poor man could thrive.
There's only one thing they'll never try to rob,
It's the filth that sticks to the man who smells of
his job.

We appeal to the Board of Health for a twenty-five
cent raise.

There are some that you've given altogether too
much praise.

I'll have my raise or I'll quit my job, that's all,
And there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

From the very beginning to the farthest end,
These are all my poems, my dearest friends;
Keep truth and justice on your side,
And the Saviour alone will be your guide.





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